

The ALDERMAN'S
A D V I C E

To his *DAUGHTER*; being a Medicine or,
C U R E for the Scolding L A D I E S.

In Answer to the Scourge for ill Wives.

To Which is Added,

A
S A T Y R

Upon an Ignorant Quack, that Murder'd a Friends Child, which occasion'd the Mother (upon the News of it,) to Miscarry.

D U B L I N:
Printed, *Anno Dom.* 1737.

The medicine or Cure for the Ladies.

MISS *Molly*, a fair'd Toast, was Fair and Young
Had Wealth and Charms,----but then she
had a Tongue!

From Morn to Night, th' Eternal Larum run,
Which often lost those Hearts her Eyes had won.

Sir *John* was smitten, and confess'd his Flame,
Sigh'd at the usual time, then wed the Dame.
Possess'd, he thought, of ev'ry Joy of Life,
But his dear *Molly* prov'd a very Wife.

Excess of Fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd Money and the Knight lov'd Wine.
From whence some petty Discords would arise,
As *You're a Fool*,---and, *You are mighty Wise*.

Tho' he, and all the World, allow'd her Wit,
Her Voice was Shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
When she began, --- for Hat and sword he'd call
Then after a faint Kiss,--- cry B'y, dear *Moll*;
Supper and Friends expect me at the *Rose*,
And, what, Sir *John*, you'll get your usual Dose!
Go, stink of Smoak, and guzzle nasty Wine,
Sure, never virtuous Love was us'd like mine!

Off as the watchful Bell-Man march'd his Round
At a fresh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found;
By four the Knight would get his Bus'ness done,
And only then reel'd off, because alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful Storm to come,
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durst venture home.

My Lady with her Tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he Impatient heard:
'Tis a fine Hour! In a sweet Pickle made!

And

And this, Sir *John*, is ev'ry Day the Trade,
Here I sit moping all the live-long Night,
Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight;
'Till Morn sends Stagg'ring home a drunken Beast,
Resolv'd to break my Heart, as well as Rest.
Hey! Hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstrep'rous Spouse
What, can't you find one Bed about the House?
Will that perpetual Clack lye never still?
That Rival to the softness of a mill!
Some Couch and distant Room must be my Choice,
Where I may sleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noise.

Long this uncomfortable Life they led,
With shivering Meals, and each a seperate Bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from Tears refrain:
Old *Wisewood* smok'd the matter as it was,
Cheer up, cry'd he, and I'll remove the Cause:
A wond'rous Spring within my Garden flows,
Of sov'reign Vertue, chiefly to compose
Domestick Jarrs, and Matrimonial Strife,
The best Elixirt' appeale Man and Wife;
Strange are th' Effects, and Qualities Divine,
'Tis Water call'd, but worth its Weight in Wine.
If in his sullen *Airs* Sir *John* should come
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth then Mum:
Smile and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold,
Still in your Mouth the healing Cordial hold;
One Month this Sympathetick Med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a Lover, you a happy Belde.
But, dearest Niece, keep this grand Secret close,
Or ev'ry prattling Hussy'll get a Dose.

A Water

A Water Bottl's brought for her Relief.
Not *Nantz* could sooner ease the Lady's Grief:
Her busy thoughts are on the Tryal bent,
And Female like, impatient for th' Event.

The bonny Knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for Clamour, and Domestick War.
Entring, he cry's, — Hey! where's our Thunder fled!
No Hurricane! *Betty's* your Lady dead?
Madam, aside, an ample Mouthful takes,
Court'sy's, looks kind, but not a Word she speaks:
Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his Eyes believ'd,
But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd.

Why, how now, *Molly*, What's the Crotchet now?
She smiles, and answers only with a Bow.

Then clasping her about — Why, let me die!
These Night-Cloaths, *Moll*, become thee mightily!
With that he sigh'd, her Hand began to press,
And *Betty* calls, her Lady to undress.

Nay kiss me, *Molly*, — for I'm much inclin'd,
Her Lace she cuts, to take him in the Mind.
Thus the fond Pair to Bed enamour'd went,
The *Lady* pleas'd, and the good *Knight* content.

For many Days these fond Endearments past.
The reconciling Bottle fails at last;
'Twas us'd and gone. — Then midnight Storms arose,
And Looks and Words the Union discompose.
Her Coach is order'd, and Post-haste she flies,
To beg her Uncle for some fresh Supplies;
Transported does the strange Effects relate,
Her Knight's Conversion, and her happy State!

Why, Niece, says he — I prithee apprehend,

The

The Water's Water, —— Be thy self thy Friend.
Such Beauty would the coldest Husband warm,
But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm:
Be silent and complying —— You'll soon find,
Sir John, without a Med'cine, will be kind.

A Satyr upon an Ignorant Quack.

THO' 'twas thy luck to cheat the fatal tree,
Thanks be to the partial herd that quitted thee
And to the lasting scandal of our times,
Thou'rt still reserv'd to act a new thy crimes,
Think not to 'scape the justice of my rhimes:
Th' impartial muse, in pointed stabbing verse,
Shall all thy several villanies rehearse,
With wreaths of henbane she'll adorn thy head,
She'll hunt thee living, and she'll plague thee dead:
Base fardid monster! mercenary slave!
Thou churchyard pimp, and pander to the grave,
Death's busy factor, son of desolation,
Thy country's curse, and grivance to the nation,
Thou motly lump of ignorance and pride,
In all the scoundrel arts of killing try'd;
How shall I tell thy guilt, or how begin
To lash a villain crusted o'er with sin?
Sure in some powder-mill, that hot brain'd sot
Thy father in the dog-days thee begot;
And some she-bear, in horrid woods alone,
Suckled thee young, and nurs'd thee for her own.
Hence thy four brutal temper first began,
The beast was thinly plated with the man.

No beams of soft'ning pity touch thy breast,
Too vile a cell to harbour such a guest.
Oh had'st thou liv'd in that curst tyrat,s reign,
By whose command the innocents were slain,
Herod might then have sav'd his men the pains,
For thou dost kill, yet leave 'em all their brains.
Thy druggs alone the fatal work had done,
And soon dispatch'd them, every mother's son.
Why with our laws, vain volums do we fill,
If such as thou have privilege to kill?
Mean, lousy felons, for less crimes by far
Have oft receiv'd the sentence at the bar:
I'th' face of day, thou robb'st us of our health,
And yet are never question'd for the stealth.
Sure some dire planet all thy steps pursues,
Name *All-kill*, and a sickness strait ensues.
Thro' thy distroying skill diseases reign,
Nor did a black smith teach thee first in vain;
Not sword, nor plague, nor famine rauage more,
Thou kill'st, and fate has hardly time to score,
Death tho' unsought, waits on thy murd'ring qu
Attends each dose, and lurks in every pill.
With little pains, and very little bribing,
Whole nations might be kill'd by thy prescribing
But know, dull sot, the dreadfull hour's at hand,
When before awfull justice thou must stand.
The muse her ancient freedom does assume,
Then tremble while she thus proclaims thy doom
For *Grubstreet* doggrel furnish out a tale,
And be the jest of midwives o'er their ale:
For scalded heads most learnedly advise,
And in the case of kibes seem monstrous wise.

ne'er consulted 'bove a boil or blister,
And to my lady's lap-dog give a glister.
But if thy greedy mind must pick up pence,
Get up for farrier in thy own defence.
Cure hogs of measles, visit labouring swine,
And order doses for thy neighbour's kine.
Reign over beasts from *Bersheba* to *Dan*,
But never, never meddle more with man.
May none seek help from thy damn'd remedies,
But senseless brutes that health and fame despise.
Or sots, on whom each canting fool imposes,
And carted bawds, and strumpets without noses;
Be the most scorn'd *Jack-Pudding* in the pack,
And turn toad-eater to some foreign Quack.
Gout, pox, and stone, with all attending ills,
Thou hast so often threatned in thy bills,
Thee with fresh rage incessantly devour,
And leave their pointed darts in every pore.
Let them with force united make thee smart,
And own thy self a blockhead in thy art,
From these insulting tyrants find no quarter,
But to thy own prescription fall a martyr,
On thy vile self the balefull potions try,
Then damn old *Galen*, and by peace-meal die.
But let no fever (for I'll once be kind)
Or pestilence to thee admission find;
Whose generous foes to soon conclude their rage,
And have thee tortur'd for at least an age.
May all that malice, fruitfull to torment,
All that revenge of witches can invent;
All that on earth despairing wretches fear,

Light

Light on thy head and kindly center there.
 Mark'd with heav'n's stamp, like *Adam's* murd'ring
 Thro' the whole globe a branded villian run, (son
 And all mankind the raving monster shun.
 Despil'd, abandon'd, rove from pole to pole,
 Thy carcase jaded by thy restless soul.
 Where e'er thou goest, a mother's curses meet,
 Pale nurses thee with execrations greet,
 And wrinkled witches, when thy truck with hell,
 Invoke thy name and use it for a spell.
 Blaspheming leave the world, and never know
 The least remitting interval from woe.
 Dire conscience all thy guilty dreams affright,
 With the most solemn horrors of the night;
 The screams of infants ever fill thy ears,
 And injur'd heaven be deaf to all thy prayers.
 Thus have I eas'd, in part, my wrathful spleen,
 Nor can'st thou say the muse has been too keen.
 Whate'er the fiercest satire can inspire,
 Falls vastly short of what thy crimes require.
 What torments then can too severe be thought
 For thee, by whom such num'rous ills are wrought
 The living sent to an untimely tomb,
 And unborn infants murder'd in the womb.
 For seiz'd with grief, that by thy fatal aid
 Her much wrong'd child was of its life betray'd,
 The expiring parent, whom scarce art could save,
 Paid an untimely tribute to the grave.
 To what degree do quacks, like thee, annoy,
 Who can ev'n life, before it comes, destroy?

F I N I S.